A PARIS POSTOFFICE

IT IS A QUEER DEMOCRATIC AFFAIR AND QUITE CONVENIENT.

Telephone, Telegraph and Savings Bank All Attached-Grand Opera by Wire in the Gay Capital.

Sterling Hielig's Paris letter in New York

In Paris you do not drop your letter in the corner lamp box, but take it to the subpostoffice instead. A few blocks' walk in any direction will take you to one of these useful and many-featured institutions, of which there are hundreds scattered about in the great city, and a few hours spent in one of them will disclose an astonishing variety of business trans-

It is always a stuffy, corner-store prop- from having their own \$400 accounts. erty, transformed to meet the requirements of the service. A counter, a cage and wickets fence off all but a small portion of the room from the public, who are left standing huddled together in an insufficient common space around the wickets. There is always a crowd, and, by reason of the savings bank and pension departments of the system, the majority of the crowd seems to be of the high-smelling kind. All the social world. however, hustles together under the drooping tricolor flag that decorates the | company takes many privileges from the doorway. Posting private letters is a delicate matter, and many people like to attend to it in their own person.

brings a great many people to the Paris subpostoffices. Here you cannot ring for a boy. The only messenger service is Orchestra and singers may thus be heard that organized by the telegraph department for the delivery of telegrams. Telegraph, telephone and letter post-all three are managed by the same set of clerks in the same subpostoffice, to which everybody in the quarter is forced to run, much to their own convenience in

The telegraph blanks for sending are very much like our own in America, except that, the postal and telegraph services being united throughout all France, the proper sum in postage stamps affixed to a message is taken as an equivalent for cash. When you receive a dispatch, however, it is never written, but always printed, after the manner of the stockreporting slips familiar to American brokers' offices. These slips, torn off at convenient lengths and pasted inside a sort of envelope that comes to you sealed, constitutes the "petit blue," or regular telegraphic dispatch. Its tariff is fixed by the number of words employed, as with us. A more liberal, if not quite as swift service, is operated in Paris by means of the pneumatic tutes

These are the most fascinating machines and attract much attention from foreigners. Behind the postoffice counter and occupying a large space by itself is a great iron frame that has the look and makes the noise of a spasmodically working printing press. A boy and a girl generally serve it, the boy doing the heavy work and the girl having the ornamental task of sitting at the desk and taking the money for sealed and unsealed pneumatic-service post cards.

A PNEUMATIC DISPATCH. "One carte-depeche, closed, if you

please." Or, putting down three 2-cent pieces, ask for an "open one" (which is a mere postal card in appearance); or, "open one, with response;" or, still more expensively, you give a 20-cent silver piece for "a closed one with response." The response cards have the answer to your communication prepaid and are adwriting. The closed cards resemble open crowd into the space. Waiting your turn to write the message at one of the three or four desks, with one of the three or four bad pens, you have an opportunity to breathe in any disease that may be seasonable in Paris at the moment. Then you give the card to the young lady at

the desk. "When will it go, if you please?"

As a matter of fact, in about this time or a little longer, the boy who has been serving the puffing and spasmodically grunting printing press ceases to respond to its electric bell jingling and proceeds all England roar. His election agent had to leisurely gather up such "cartes- to make him divest himself of every cent ceived it to be his duty to go to Rome have theirs?" he asked. * * There into the box. Then, with infinite patience, he yawns, stretches himself and places the whole batch inside a light tin cylinder. Shoving down a lever of the pneumatic machine, he drops the cylinder into a hole, carefully closes the door and pulls the lever up again.

Puf-f-f-f-ff! A glant sigh is heaved by the machine that looks like a printing press, and all is over. Compressed air in an air-tight tube that runs underground all the way across Paris to the central station wafts the cylinder full of messages to its first destination. At the central office they are sorted for the different divisions of Parls, and sent flying again to the subpostoffice of their final destination. Here the service from postoffiee to house is performed by ordinary telegraphic mes-

Where a telegraphic message would be an hour in getting across the city, the pneumatic service takes from an hour and a half to two hours. In every other respect it is much more satisfactory than the telegraphic dispatch, and so is in great favor, being permitted by the usages of polite society to be used for regrets, acceptances and even for invita-

A very different species of operation is going on at some of the other wickets. Every now and then you will see a workingman, or a smart servant maid, or a serious-minded child come up with a passbook and a sum of money. It is for

the postal savings bank department. Any one may open an account for himself or for any one else and continue making deposits up to \$400, on which the government will pay him 2% per cent. a year interest. A child may have an account in his own name, without the intervention of his parents. Indeed, school teachers are authorized to form branch savings banks for pupils' pennies. Wives may open accounts without the intervention of their husbands, though neither wives nor minors may withdraw their deposits if husband or parents make express opposition thereto.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANK. The postal savings bank is established

exclusively in the interest of small savings, and the government does not seek to make a penny profit out of its depositors. In order that none shall be discouraged, deposits as low as 20 cents at a time are received. Not only this; if the budding capitalist cannot scrape together even 20 cents, he is permitted to buy postage stamps, and, pasting these in his bank book, thus credit himself with whatever modest sum of 3 cents, 5 cents, 8 cents, he may have at the mo-

ment disengaged.

It is extraordinary how these minute accommodations succeed in making every one in France a money saver. For zample, the postoffice savings bank de-

partment, after receiving your poor lit-tle deposits, will take charge of your bank book for you free of expense. No one need know that you are saving. It likewise holds itself ready to buy up stocks and bonds for those who have saved sufficient money, in order that they may begin another \$400 savings bank account. Written advice is given free as to the choice of investments, and particular attention is paid when cities, communes or the general government is about to negotiate a new loan, to give each one of these little investors an opportunity to take part in the "popular an." Oftenest it is not a question of \$50 bonds, but \$4 bonds and \$8 bonds. Then, to make it complete, the service ncludes a loan department, where the holders of bonds in small quantity may safely hypothecate them without material loss and paying only a low rate of

The savings account of any individual may not exceed \$400. Regularly constituted associations, like agricultural clubs, mutual benefit societies, fire comunions may deposit up to \$1,600, and this without preventing individual members

When the thoughtful French man. woman or boy has saved up to this sum of \$400 he receives a letter of advice, stating that he has reached the maximum, praying him to continue his sweet habing various methods of investing his lump sum preparatory to the opening of

The telephone in France is not yet a and the post, but every subpostoffice has its public pay telephone, which it requires the company to put in free of charge, all profit going to the postoffice department. In return, the telephone postoffice department, and the announcing of its "theatrical and operatic audiof them. Along the footlights of the The mere service of the telegraph | stage of the Opera, Opera Comique, and, in fact, of all the lyric theaters and imperfectly by any subscriber to whom the service may be turned on. You may lie ling your lapdog or any other pet, and still hear Sibyl Sanderson in "Thais" or Yvette Guilbert in "Les Vaches." It is only a question of paying a good round sum for the luxury.

Seen you down at chu'ch las' night-Nevah min', Miss Lucy. What I mean? Oh, dat's all right— Nevah min', Miss Lucy. Oh, you's sma't ez sma't kin be, But you couldn't hide f'om me; Ain't I got two eyes to see? Nevan min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you's awful keen-Nevah min', Miss Lucy. Evant'ing you done I seen-Nevan min', Miss Lucy; Seen him tek yo' ahm jes so, When you got outside de do'-Ah, I know dat man's yo' beau,-Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say, now, honey, wha'd he say? Nevah min', Miss Lucy. Keep yo' sec'uts-dat's yo' way-Nevah min', Miss Lucy. Won't tell me, an' I'm you' pal! I'm gwine tell his othah gal— Know huh, too-huh name is Sal-Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

-Paul Laurence Dunbar, in June Century

STORIES OF COLONEL NORTH. The Nitrate King, a Business Man, Politician and Entertainer. London Letter in New York Press.

Everybody is telling stories about Colonel North, now dead. The Colonel's shrewdhis ability as a wholesale manufacturer of anecdotes about himself. Scarcely a day passed that he did not make a dozen or more. He never related anecdotes from You approach the lady and put down a others. He never made anecdotes for others to relate. In that respect he was a benefactor to the human race, particularly of story tellers. When he came to London from Peru the clever financiers thought they ad caught a fool whom they could easily eecs. Some of them got fleeced instead. The Colonel had not made his money by mere luck, but by exercise of natural money-making faculties, which were excelled by few men of his time. To meet him at a dinner party or on the turf was to gain the impression that he was an egregious old ass; but to meet him in his office was to learn

that he could make an egregious ass of Nothing is supposed to be more dignified onel simplified matters in his company meetdressed to yourself in your own hand- ing by saying: "Well, gentlemen, here we cards of double size, folded in the middle, for doing it, and I daresay he will do it all right. Now, gentlemen, our property is to be gummed shut after your message a good one. I am satisfied with it. You are is written. Naturally, as many words satisfied. We are all satisfied. The dividend may be written as one's handwriting can | is so and so, and I think that's good enough

At one company meeting when some act of policy was questioned the Colonel threw down his shares in a sudden burst of anger, striking a newspaper man who was bending over the table on the heat. The newspaper man picked them up and threw they scattered over the Colonel's shoulders like confetti. The Colonel laughed heartily, and passed the newspaper man a cigar, sayng: "That's right. Give as good as anybody sends. You've got spunk. I admire

Herbert Gladstone for West Leeds at the last general election. His speeches made the bribery act. On the occasion of the opening of the campaign, when the Colonel entered the hall he was supposed to keep quiet until he had been formally introhis say, and this is what he said: "Just a moment. I am going to say something. You are pleased to see me. When I come here and see friends who played me at cricketeception? I say, boys, I thank you all, and will tell you another thing-I deserve it." In another speech he told them that no Englishman had ever gone out to Peru and asked Don Juan North for something to do that he hadn't got it, and wanted to know if Herbert Gladstone would do as much for them. "I am very well known abroad," he continued, "more so than here. You don't want talkers. The worst man you can come across is a pellagana-the worst man to talk to. He cannot even get a situation. I have come to ask you to assist me, not as a talker, but I will promise you one thing, that if there are any orders to be got out I shall be there. I tell you that I am not a politician, but I know some that are. There is Lord Salisbury, for instance. That is the man I shall follow." When asked if he was in favor of the deceased wife's sister bill, he replied: "If my deased wife's sister was as good as my wife, I should like to marry her and should wish to have the law altered.

Only a few days before his death he made a startling impression at a banquet of 250 persons at Birmingham, over which he esided. The Colonel hated monotony, and ocial amenities never prevented him from breaking it. Just after the speeches were fairly begun he said: I limited the speeches to three minutes. Now, we've had four eches and we've wasted a mortal hour. There are twenty-three speeches in the list and it seems to me if we go on at this rate we shall be here till 3 o'clock in the morning. As for myself, I'm a married man and I've got a family to look after. Now, all you men who've got wives and families stand up and have drink with me." After the next toast it suddenly occurred to him that the unmarried men might feel neglected, and he asked them to stand up and have a drink with him, too. Of one speech he observed that it was an excellent speech with some sense in it, for it lent speech with some sense in it, for it lasted only two minutes. This angered Lord Dunsany, who had made a long streech, and he arose to make a statement. The Colonel ordered his lordship to sit down. His lordship protested. The Colonel wanted to know who was chairman of the meeting, and pounded the table with his fist. His lordship, preparing to strike out in all directions, was quieted down by some of his friends. The Colonel was greatly disappointed to find that the drinks were included with the dinner: "but." he said, "as I can't stand the drinks, you'll let me stand the cigars, anyway. Smoke all you want to and it's on me. I can stand it, although I lost \$2,500 on the turf to-day."

The Model Guest.

You hear a great deal about the "model nostess," who works herself to death to enertain the idle people who visit her. We tope to hear more of the model guest. A model guest is one who remains at home a odel guest is one who remains at h reat deal and attends to whatever bu

ZOLA'S ROME BMILLE

HASH-HOUSE CRITICISM ON THE GREAT REALIST'S NEW WORK.

The Virile French Writer Denounce as a Monster for Failing to Interest Dainty Nym Crinkle.

Nym Crinkle in New York Journal. F. Marion Crawford thought that future generations would find it very hard to understand why Mr. Henry James and Rider Haggard found equal attention and appreciation in the same era. No one, it may be confidently asserted, will ever be surprised to learn panies, army officers' clubs and trades | shoulder on their own inverted pyramid | breath, a soul set in so pellucid a body of

uminous particularity. writing. He accompanied it with scientific anathemas, and banished Dumas, its of financial carefulness and suggest- | Sue and Victor Hugo, to make way for | struck by the splendor of the powers Stendhal, Flaubert and Alphonse Daudet. These latter writers, he told us, no government monopoly like the telegraph | had no time to amuse us; it was their | infinite of ideality and blinding glory

on Mr. Howells's part that a change of the word "shock" to the word "tire" imtions" on the subpostoffice walls is one | to follow M. Zola to his logical details. | fixing His abode in His chosen servant M. Bourget has, and both Zola and Bourportant cases concerts of Paris there are | suit of their own method they can be | tion, what emotion fraught with displaced long rows of receiving telephones. more incomprehensibly wearisome than tractive love might one not feel at ever Mr. Howells dared to be. They have reached a point in making inventoin your bed drinking sherbet and fond- ries that sets a ghastly yawn on science from his hand each time that he raised

> The last bulky evidence is to be found in Zola's "Rome," outweighing in weary particularization everything we already of authority in this world and of salvaknew, even Bourget's "Mensonges." This book has the pretentiousness to belong to a trilogy of which "Lourdes" was the initial number and "Paris" is to be the last. I have endeavored faithfully to read the advance sheets of this work, and found the task one of the hardest I ever undertook. It was not because I was impatient and frivolous, for I have ploughed through the "Organon" Hahnemann and absorbed the eight volumes of Swedenborg's "Arcana Colestia" when I had less patience than I have now. I have even read Benton's "Thirty Years," and in an arid hour have not Then the banners were offered, and qualled at a Patent Office report. I bepacity, but I am bound to say that for genuine interest I would rather peruse an old United States census'than Zola's | Fathers of the Immaculate Conception. "Rome." In the first place, the census, however old, isn't pretending to be what it is not. In my experience with it I have never found it claiming to be a romance or a poem. In the second place, its facts, however ponderous their tabudisciplined mind. MATTER OF OPINION. .

I confess that when a great historical institution is to be attacked I prefer to have it done by an assailant who can be both interesting and correct. I insist at least upon his being interesting. Zola in this, his second slice of a master work has reached a point in which to be teresting is at least a concession to the romantic, as was the effort to be imaginative in his earlier works. He aims his book at the formalism, the secular ambition, the hollowness of Roman ec-

review of Zola and his cult that I conthe attack defeats this purpose. One scarcely needs two volumes to be told how the holy father at Rome would in his official capacity treat a young priest. half enthusiast and half zealot, who has been led to believe that a dire socialistic appeal to the Pope. One whole volume is given up to tedious descriptions of an idealist's disappointment when he comes face to face with the working ecclesiastduced. But no amount of stage whispers ical machinery. Of course, it is not ideal, could make him sit down until he had had It is human. But one gets the impresical machinery. Of course, it is not ideal. sion from Zola's account that its chief iniquity lies in the fact that ecclesiasticism is necessarily human, and does not good action.' I recollect when I saved a penny a week to buy a sixpenny bat, and played around here—do you think enything gives me such pleasure as to be here and receive such a of the other to find that it tardily occurs remancer, much as he may contemn the word, and that it is necessary to make some show of plot

THE PLOT CONDEMNED. introduced without any raison d'etre except to intensify, in a bungling and unsatisfactory manner, M. Zola's postulate But even this national side of the work is long drawn-out, unnatural and tiresome. It utterly fails to relieve, much less to redeem, the dry details of description and long schedules of mise en scene. Quite two-thirds of the book are given up to particularization of wholly

unimportant adjuncts. Every thesis of M. Zola's before he goods" that he is unrolling on account of the pattern. Such naturalism as is his will do justice to the cut of the cassock and leave not a thread unnoticed in the Pope's red cap at I velvet slippers. All the sacerdotal trimmings will be inventoried with the nicety of a haberdasher. He will measure the pontiff's walk, trace every tremor and wrinkle of senility, and feel that in this enumeration he is a savant, but to measure the spiritual significance, to apprehend the majestic organization behind it all, which can apply to the durability of mundane things has made good its own claim that it was founded on a rock; to see behind the purple curtains, or discern eneath the withered face of this old man, the benignity, the Christian fortitude, the broad, gentle apostolic spirit which no disaster could quench and not even the loss of temporal power could abate, and who in both grace and wisdom has secured for himself a place in the esteem of all right-thinking men of whatever sect-to do this requires an order of discernment that is not given to the chiffonnier of literature.

THE POPE LIKE IN IDOL The following description of the peronal appearance of the Pope has a certain interest:

"Amidst this blast of frantic adoration ierre gazed at Leo XIII, now again mo nless on his throne. With the papel I use the parsonage piane to pre

with ermine about his shoulders, he retained in his long white cassock the rigid, sacerdotal attitude of an idol venerated by two hundred and fifty millions of Christians. Against the purple background of the hangings of the baldacchino, between the wing-like drapery on either side, inclosing, as it were, a brasier of glory, he assumed real majesty of aspect. He was no longer the feeble old man with the slow, jerky walk, and the slender, scraggy neck of a poor alling bird. The simious ugliness of his face, the largeness of his nose, the long slit of his mouth, the hugeness of his ears, the conflicting jumble of his withered features disappeared. In that waxen countenance you only distinguished the admirable, dark, deep eyes, eaming with eternal youth, with extraordinary intelligence and penetration.

"And then there was a resolute bracing of his entire person, a consciousness of the eternity which he represented, a regal nobility, born of the very circumthat Zola and Bourget stood shoulder to stance that he was now but a mere and invited obeisance with the same vol- | ivory that it became visible as though it were already freed from the bonds of earth. And Pierre realized what such a Emile Zola early in his career issued a | man-the Sovereign Pontiff, the king bull against the imagination in novel | obeyed by two hundred and fifty millions of subjects-must be for the devout and dolent creatures who came to adore him from so far, and who fell at his feet aweincarnate in him.

"Behind him, amidst the purple of the hangings, what a gleam was suddenly longer invented; they examined. They afforded of the spheres beyond, what an So many centuries of history from the Apostle Peter downward, so much Bourget and Howells have both ac- strength and genius, so many struggles cepted this plea, with the modification | and triumps to be summed up in one being, the elect, the unique, the superhuman! And what a miracle, incessantly renewed, was that of heaven deigning to plies. Mr. Howells has not the courage | descend into human flesh, of the Deity whom He consecrated above and beyond all others, endowing him with all power get have now shown us that in the pur- and all science! What sacred perturbathe thought of the Deity being ever there in the depths of that man's eyes, speaking with his voice and emanating

"Could one imagine the exorbitant absoluteness of that sovereign who was infallible, who disposed of the totality tion in the next! At all events, how well one understood that souls consumed by him, that those who at last found the certainty they had so ardently sought should seek annihilation in him, the consolation of self-bestowal and disappearance within the Deity himself.

LEO'S VANITY TICKLED. Meantime, the ceremony was drawing to an end; Baron de Fouras was now presenting the members of the committee and a few other persons of importance. There was a slow procession with trembling genuflections and much greedy kissing of the papal ring and slipper. Pierre felt a pang on seeing that the finest and richest of them was one of Lourdes, an offering no doubt from the On one side of the white, gold-bordered silk Our Lady of Lourdes was painted, while on the other appeared a portrait of Leo XIII. Pierre saw the Pope smile at the presentment of himself and was lation, are facts, not inductions of an un- greatly grieved thereat, as though, indeed, his whole dream of an intellectual, evangelical Pope, disentangled from all low superstition, were crumbling away, And just then his eyes met those of Nani. who from the outset had been watchin him with the inquisitive air of a man who is making an experiment.

"'That banner is superb, isn't it?' said Nani, drawing near. 'How it must please his Holiness to be so nicely painted in company with so pretty a virgin.' And as the young priest, turning pale, did not reply the prelate added, with an air of devout enjoyment: 'We are very fond of Lourdes in Rome; that story of Bernadette is so delightful." As a mere criticism of ecclesiastical

Rome and the Pontiff, M. Zola's work is clesiasticism, and he makes as much banal and cheap. It never seizes upon fuss over it as Titus did when he erected | the essentials. The bitterest thrust of M. his banks round Jerusalem-with this | Zola is that the Pope follows precedent difference, that Titus meant to make a | in administering Christ's church. That breach in the walls and Zola is satisfied is to say, he is not a Parisian radical. if he attracts attention to his prepara- It is doubtful if, under the most aggrations. We have, therefore, a polemic vating infliction he would write a new under the name of a novel which suc- Decalogue or invite the cardinals to sing ceeds beyond all precedent in being the "Marseillaise," and it is morally certain that he has never shown a disposi-It was with no purpose of writing a | tion to canonize Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is not the duty of the secular resented to go over these long drawn-out | viewer to defend the Pope and the Cathpages. The immediate promise was that | olic Church. But it is his privilege at in taking up so majestic a subject as | least to ask that the assailant shall be ecclesiastical Rome in our day M. Zola | fitted for his work. It does not to him would at least be interesting enough to appear to be a foregone conclusion that quote here and there for the benefit of | because a man has counted the blood the readers of the Journal. The absolute | and ordure marks in a brothel he is want of saliency in the narrative and in | specially fitted to adjudicate a hierarchy. And M. Zola has taken wearisome pains to show that he is specially unfitted. It is only fifteen years ago that he wrote his first deciaration of his obscure intentions. "Since all the follies and all the appetites have their mediums of exrevolution is impending, and who con- pression, why should not doubtful stories are some stories in Gil Blas (an obscene | signed by both author and publisher. tion, but these stories were badly written. This is my whole quarrel. To write badly is the only crime that I can admit in literature. I do not see where they can put morality if they pretend to put it elsewhere. A well-made phrase is a

After this one need not ask if Zola has one good actions enough to make him a benefactor of his race. My own opinion s that a man who writes two volumes made up altogether of phrases and fails to interest us is a monster and ought to be suppressed.

MILITARY DRILL.

The lone interest and the murder are | It Is Said Not to Be a Complete Physical Exercise.

The enthusiasts over military drill for pub school boys, and they are not unknown in of the unscrupulous Roman conspiracy. | this community, get a cold douche in the report of a special committee of the physical education society of Boston. This committee, consisting of Col. T. F. Edmands, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent and Edward H. Hartwell, condemns unreservedly any system of mili-tary drill in the schools, first, because for obvious reasons it cannot afford instruction in the art of firing the rifle, the most vital part of drill tactics, and, second, because it affords very incomplete and unsatisfactory physical exercise for growing boys. This judgment is fortified by the expert opinion of H. J. Koehler, master of the sword at the H. J. Koehler, master of the sword at the West Point Military Academy, who shows that the manual of arms has long since been regarded by military men as fatally lacking as a physical exercise. He writes in these emphatic words: "I deny absolutely that this drill contains one single feature which cannot be duplicated, aye, and discounted in
every well-regulated gymnasium in the
country to-day." And again he says: "A
thorough physical training develops all the
necessary soldierly qualities to the greatest
degree, and it does it without injury. If we
have athletes, we shall never be without sololers."

These objections from the standpoints experts in physical culture and military training, ought to be conclusive. If we can give our boys strong, well developed bodies they will turn soldiers quickly enough in any emergency, and with the advantage of not having to rid themselves of a mock, incomplete drill habit when the plete drill habit when the time comes to practice real war. With these arguments so strong it is not necessary to urge the more sentimental, yet not less forcible, considerations as to the undesirability of turning the minds of our youth to thoughts of war more than can be helped. Strong, lusty American boys are belligerent enough without putting muskets in their hands every day in the

Workers in the Vineyard.

Spokesman (at donation party)—Mr. Good-astor, the principal donation of the evening asn't arrived, owin' to some delay on the allroad. It's a piano for the parsonage. Mr. Goodpastor (delighted)—A piano: "Yes, an' it's a good one, too. We beg that you will receive it as an expression of our

Are universally declared the best, because riders have passed the period when the statements of a dealer are taken as absolute evidence of their worth. They now see for themselves the various points of merit and excellence. They see in the Patee everything that is claimed for it-dust-proof bearings, one-piece crank and crank axle, reinforced joints, beauty of finish, correct design and absolute perfection of mechanical construction. These, backed by the most liberal guarantee, have caused the verdict to be The Patee Is the Best . . . Peoria Rubber and Mfg. Co., 58-60 N. Pennsylvania St. CHAIR CRUES SIS hand press, each sheet being placed on a horizontal frame over the type pages, and then being forced down by a turning screw, much in the manner of the modern letter presses. Since the types often failed to line up properly-that is, were EDITIONS IN ANTIQUE TYPE. not of the same height-it was necessary to give a powerful impression to the pages, so that the result was a dense black upon the rough white paper. The

Whenever

versations . .

There is a discussion of the relative

merits of their mounts. In such con-

THE FANCY IS NOW FOR LIMITED

The Modern Makers Vainly Seek to Equal the Work of the Ancients, but Demand Fancy Prices.

In the past few years a general reformation in the art of bookmaking has taken place. It must not be understood that by the art of bookmaking any reference is made to the science of bookmaking as practiced by racing men, but simply to the volumes now put forth by the leading publishing houses over the country. These books are utterly unlike those produced a decade ago, which were then printed on ordinary machine-made paper and bound in a matter-of-fact way, with a legitimate cover design in gold and red. Now, however, all is changed, and no publishing house is in the competition unless it is able to put forth dainty volumes printed in limited editions, on hand-made paper or Japan vellum, bound in parchment, and done up with half a dozen wrappers, the whole sealed with two separate gold seals, and | this idea he established at his country

These are the editions de luxe, and one volume contains enough blank paper to make half a dozen ordinary books. The publishers have the idea that by a whelesale use of expensive paper they can balm poor writing in such elaborate shrouds that the public will be lured on to buy merely for the sake of having a handsome exhibition of the typographer's art. This really governs many people in selecting books, and at Christmas time, when selecting a gift for a friend, almost the first thought is what a handsome present it would make, no attention whatever being paid to the contents.

Those books are, however, specimens of all that is new and recent in the art, and as such they are worth careful study. The time has passed when any sort of printing will do for the dilettanti, and book lovers now demand that the productions of literary men shail be clothed in a style corresponding to their worth, even if occasionally one is deceived by having poor matter thrust upon him under the guise of a faddish production.

That this production of books in editions de luxe is a fad no one will attempt to deny, but it is, nevertheless, a sensible fad. And the ones who are the victims of the fad are known as bibliomaniacsmen who never tire of buying books or rare editons, printed on hand-made paper with deckle edges, and who buy only to show that which they have in their collections. The true bibliomaniac distinguishes himself mainly by a devotion to old-style type, old-style paper, bound in old-style, and, in fact, having everything about it in imitation of old style. This is the climax of the new style in books-simply a revival of the printing of the first master printer, William Caxton. IMITATION OF CAXTON.

The main characteristic of Caxton's work, which was reproduced by the ex

pert publishers who have taste in the matter, is a liberal use of elaborate ornamentation, such as borders, head pieces, tail pieces and small decorations. The whole is printed on rough paper, with the original water marks and deckle edges, forming a book which is a designt to handle and to read. The types also are of a special design, there being a revival of an irregular, poorly-shaped, old-style letter, which made its first appearance from a leading foundry this month, and is distinguished by an irregularity of lining and total absence of delicate lines. In the time of Caxton printed books possessed a degree of readability and strength of line that has not yet been equaled by the modern imitators. This was due largely to the use of a heavy

contrast was exceedingly effective, and is what every modern publisher is trying to attain, but which few have yet succeeded in procuring from power presses. | printed. Another characteristic of Caxton's work was the illuminated initial letter, menced. In Caxton's time these were painted in black spaces by hand, and

with which every article was comwere of cride design, but now modern publishers print them in red ink. though, of course, much handsomer than the original designs, they are much stiffer and less pleasing to the eye. Caxton's paper was also made by hand, but the modern printers find it much more convenient and profitable to use machine-made paper, with imitation lines and deckle edges, for no paper manufacturer would spend the time necessary to produce the real hand-made paper, and no one outside of the trade would pay the price if he did. Like all other fads, this one for hand-

some books had a small beginning. The

rennaisance is generally credited to Mr.

William Morris, the English poet, about whom the story is told that he became so disgusted with the way in which printers managed his stuff that he determined to print it himself and be his own publisher. In the furtherance of home the Kelmscott Press, since become ducing handsome typographical work. Some of the earliest books published by Mr. Morris were sold at \$10 a volume, which price fairly caused the Londoners to gasp with surprise. Furthermore, when it was announced that the edition would consist of perhaps 700 copies, 500 only of which would be sold, and that each would be numbered and signed by Mr. Morris, the veteran book agents declared that such folly could not last. But there were people even in London who were, able to appreciate fine work, and the success of Mr. Morris and his Kelmscott Press were attested to by hundreds of imitators in all parts of the

NEW COUNTRY BOOKMAKERS. In the United States a small publishing firm of two young men at Chicago took it up, and under the name of Stone & Kimball began the publication of a series of books in the Green Tree Library, as it was known. Incidentally, they conducted the Chap Book, a wild and weird semi-monthly, which never had any professed policy or aim, and hence caused a thousand conjectures as to its mission. The style in which these publications were produced was much more worthy of commendation than the contents.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Me., was another follower in the footsteps of Mr. Morris, and with his Bibelot made quite a name for himself as a pubisher. Both magazines are, however, passing into the sere and yellow, and are seing succeeded by younger and more energetic ones, such as the Bauble, the Philistine and a host of others too nunerous to mention. None of them have any aim or excuse for living, except possibly the Bauble, which is professedly an organ of protest against the other magazines, and it is commonly predicted that all will soon perish for lack of support. All of these publications have their own All of these publications have their own | "Well, then, why in torment don't you printing shops, which has caused a ru- charter a whole train to do your snoring in?"

mor that they are produced only as advertising pamphlets of the printers, who desire thus to show off their types and work. But the books are really handsome exhibitions of typography, and reflect credit upon the shops. One is led to inquire, however, what is the possiof these publishers do, and then placing in parentheses after it, "All sold." This was really the case with the Phillstine, which announced that a complete edition had been sold before they were

These are but a few of the eccentricithere are scores of other affectations that add to the books published. One publisher recently announced that he would shortly issue a book, of which 700 copies would be printed on hand-made paper, deckle edges, bound in parchment, Twelve extra copies only would be printed on Japan vellum, bound in half alligator skin, and stamped with the gold seal of the publisher in real plated gold. The price was set at \$15, but the pleasing, made that all had been sold before they were placed on the market.

One publication, as a burlesque upon this, announced the publication of a volume bound in half chicken skin, the edition limited to three copies only, which would be sold by mail to the highest

Congratulations to Nordica.

The marriage of Lillian Nordica in Indi-May festival season, and will, in a manner, matter of \$4,000 in the festival treasury. Mme. Nordica's experience in the matrim eight years ago, and at last accounts was sailing about in space, to the great chagrin of the prima donna, who was under whether the desertion was willful or uni tentional. Since that time, however, the lady has rigidly observed a protracted period of mourning, much to the distress of nu ous admirers, who were only too willing risk the chances of Mr. Gower's awkward and unexpected return. The announces that the fair widow has taken another band will be the cause of poignant grief to many ornaments of society, who have ho to succeed to Mr. Gower's matrimonial interests. The happy bridegroom is several years younger than his accomplished wife, which is not a serious objection when it is remembered that Nordica is said to be only thirty, and doesn't look it. We share the riages. May is not only the windlest and squalliest month in the year, but proverbially the most unlucky, and from what we

ner of luck and happiness, despite the signs

to take any chances with the signs against them. All this poet talk about the "merry

onth of May" is the merest moonshine, a

poetic fiction which every young woman contemplating matrimony should avoid. At the same time, it is improper to cloud Nordica's honeymoon, and we wish her all man-

Heard in the Stilly Night. Eastern Argus.
The man in the upper berth leaned over its dge and jamming his frown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of

Hi, you down there! Are you rich?" 'Heh?" ejaculated the man in the lower erth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. Whazzer mazzer?" I say, are you rich:"

"What's that, sir! Rich? What do you can by waking me up in the middle of the bt to ask me such a question as that?" "I want to know-that's why."
"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now I hope your curiosity is zatisfied and you will let me go to sleep."

'Very rich?

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